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## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

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## ACHMET.

## AN ORIENTAL FRAGMENT.

“REMEMBER, my child,” continued the Genius. “that you were born to suffer trouble, to practise resignation, and to die. This is the lot of perishable man. Wealth cannot bribe sorrow, power cannot resist evil, and wisdom only teaches us how to bear the one and avoid the other: while it suffers it adores, and lifts the tearful eye to that heaven whither it conducts its faithful votaries.

“Thou would’st be happy, Achmet, and I am summoned by thy prayers to aid thee. To be good, my son, is to be happy, practise virtue and the best joys of this world will be thy portion.” “My guardian, my protector,” exclaimed Achmet, “it is to the possession of virtue that my soul aspires, ah, teach me how to attain it.” “What costly pavillions are these!” said the Genius, “who dwells amid the charms of this earthly paradise?” “It is the habitation of my women,” answered Achmet, “and contains all the beauty that Circassia could boast of.” “And what delightful sounds are these which are wafted to us on the wings of zephyrs!” “The bands of musicians,” replied the youth, “who attend my daily banquet, are preparing their strains which are to add pleasure to the feast and the joys of the goblet.”—“Alas, my son,” said the genius, “and dost thou talk of thy virtue? Mistake not the languor of fatiated passion for a virtuous impulse; while beauty stimulates thy desires, while music aids the wasteful luxury of thy banquet, and while pensioned flattery surround thee with their prostituted praise, talk not of virtue; virtue commands the conquest of the passions, and teaches how to attain it. Prosperity will undo thee, Achmet, and I must bring down adversity upon thee to save thee from perdition: these silken couches must be changed for the flinty bed, the raptures of thy seraglio must give way to labour and weariness; the wild fruits of the forest and the limpid fountain must satisfy thy hunger and quench thy thirst; and the flatterer, whom thou hast prepared must spurn thee from him whilst thou art imploring charity at his gate, ere thou can’st be virtuous. Thou wert born to suffer trouble, and, as yet, thou hast lived but in the bowers of pleasure. It is thy duty to practise resig-

nation, and misfortune has not called thee to the task: this is part of the journey of life thou hast to tread ere you die, or your end will be misery.” Achmet trembled as the Genius spoke, and implored his mercy to save him this accumulated wretchedness. “Great is thy depravity, Achmet,” said the Genius, “but I go to prepare the way to happiness and honour for thee, thou shalt be the object of my protecting care.” As he spoke he rose into the air, and the rustling of his wings was like the murmurs of the ocean.

### INSTANCE OF THE SAGACITY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE American Indians are not so stupid as the proud European fancies them to be. A Spaniard, on a journey, had met with an Indian in the midst of a desert. They were both on horseback; the Spaniard’s horse being very bad, he asked the Indian, whose horse was young and vigorous, to make an exchange with him. He refused, as he should do. The Spaniard sought a cause of quarrel with him. They came to blows; but the Spaniard, well armed, seized easily the horse he wanted, and continued his journey. The American pursues him into the next town, and makes his complaint to the judge. The Spaniard is obliged to appear, and take along with him the horse; he treats the Indian as a cheat, affirms the horse belongs to him, and that he had reared it from a foal. There were no proofs of the contrary, and the Judge, perplexed, was going to send the pleaders out of the Court, and to dismiss the process; when the Indian cried out—“The horse is mine, and I’ll prove it.” He immediately strips off his cloak, and covers with it the animal’s head. “That man being so confident that he had reared this horse, command him,” said he, addressing himself to the Judge, “to tell which of the two eyes is blind.” The Spaniard, in order not to seem to hesitate in the least, answered immediately. “The right eye.” The Indian uncovers the horse’s head: “he is neither blind,” said he, “of the right, nor of the left eye.” The Judge, convinced by so ingenious and strong a proof, adjudged him the horse; and the affair was decided.



HISTORY OF  
DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

(Continued from page 123.)

THE unhappy Elvira was no sooner safe in her retreat, than she wrote to the president of the council, the sister of Leonora having undertaken to get her letter delivered to him, without his being able to discover by whose hand it was brought. In fact this nun had a near relation, in his family, to whom she gave it, and he took the opportunity, when the room was free from company, to lay it on a table, where he knew the President must doubtless see it.

Don Balthazar and Don Sebastian, all this time were not without business; the former more enflamed by the difficulties he found in obtaining Elvira; went directly from her to the President of the council, to entreat he would not agree to any longer delay, in case Don Pedro should require it, and to oblige him to execute the King's decree in fixing a day for the celebration of the nuptials: and having obtained an assurance from him, that he would do as he desired, he thought of nothing but taking advantage of those marks of amity and respect he received from the greatest part of the kindred of Elvira, who, charmed with his grandeur and good fortune, looked on his alliance as a great favour.

To comply with their advances, he accepted the invitation made him by Don Antonio de Silva, one of the nearest relations of Elvira, to a magnificent feast at a country seat he had two leagues distant from Lisbon. This party of pleasure was on the next day after that conversation with Elvira, in which she declared to him in so full a manner, her sentiments; and on the night of which she executed her design, to which all things seemed to contribute: for Don Sebastian being informed of this journey to Antonio de Silva's, thought he had now a convenient opportunity to put in practice what he had long before projected; and, for that reason, came not to Don Pedro's, for fear the discerning Elvira should discover, in his countenance, or some unguarded word, what he was about to take in hand. So, by both the rivals being absent, and her uncle being free from company, going early to bed, she was entirely free from interruption.

Thus fortune brought to pass three different incidents in one day. In the morning, the President of the council found the letter of Elvira, without being able to guess by what means it came upon his table; he opened it immediately, and found it contained these words:

*"To the President of the Council.*

*"My Lord,*

"THE unjust violence offered to my inclinations, in forcing me to give to Don Balthazar de Lama a faith already solemnly promised to Don Sebastian de Suza, obliges me to retire for ever from the world.—I have tried all sorts of ways before I came to this extremity; but since nothing can soften the hearts of my persecutors, and they pretend to compel me to violate all laws, both human and divine, I throw myself into

"the protection of him, from whom alone they durst not tear me.—Accuse no person of my flight, I have too much interest in being concealed, to confide the secret to any one; and whatever search may be made for me, the place of my retirement will never be discovered, but by the report of my death, or the liberty of disposing my hand.

*"ELVIRA DE ZUARES."*

While the President of the council was reading this letter, all the house of Don Pedro was in confusion: Leonora going pretty late into the chamber of Elvira, followed by her other women, sent forth the most piercing cries on not finding her; and some of the others perceiving the sheets fastened to the windows, seconded her with so much vehemence, that not only Don Pedro himself, but all the family were attracted by their clamour: his surprise was extremely great, but on questioning Leonora, she played her part so well that he had not the least suspicion of her being privy to the intentions of his niece.

This news was immediately spread through the whole city, and confirmed by the letter which the President of the council had received, and which, in his astonishment, he had read to several persons who happened to be with him when he saw it on the table. All the considerable gentlemen of Lisbon ran to the house of Don Pedro; and the common opinion among them was, that she was gone with Don Sebastian de Suza; on which they all went to his Palace, where they found Donna Catharina de Mendoce, his mother, who swore to them, that her son had not been from home that night, nor the day before, but that he went out on horseback, early in the morning, and unattended.

This was enough to confirm the suspicions they before had entertained, and every one formed different judgments on this action: some were eager to find him and Elvira, in order to make their court to Lama, by restoring his mistress to him; and others, compassionating the fate of these lovers, resolved to follow, in hope of assisting him, in case he should be met by the other party, and attacked. Among these last was Don Pedro, who was persuaded, as well as the rest, that by seeing the one, they should also find the other. Thus they all separated, and every one took a different way, each flattering himself with the hope of being successful in his search.

But the unfortunate Sebastian, little imagining that his absence caused all this trouble, animated by love, hatred, and revenge, being informed that Don Balthazar would quit the house of Antonio de Silva that morning, was gone to meet him on his return, with the design either of taking his life or losing his own. He attended not long, before he saw him followed but by three or four servants: Suza immediately rode up to him, and having saluted him in a pretty fierce manner; "Don Balthazar," said he to him, "I have something very important to communicate to you: Are you a man capable of hearing me?" "Yes, and of answering you too," replied Lama, in the same tone. Then perceiving what the business was he had with him, he made a sign to his people not to follow; and, without any far-



ther conversation they both spurred their horses out of sight, then alighting both at the same time, jumped into a little valley, defended by a huge mountain on the side next the road.

The mutual fury they had conceived against each other, allowed them not the power or leisure to explain themselves by words; but deeds sufficiently expressed the emotions of their hearts. They discharged their pistols over their heads; then, with an equal alacrity and address; flew on each other with sword in hand. Both young, vigorous, and of great courage, the combat could not but be terrible, the equality of their forces made the advantage a long time disputed; Lama, however, was the first that was wounded, and Suza by aiming rather to offend his adversary than defend himself, soon after received the other's sword in his arm: but the sight of their blood served only to augment their rage, and one or both must certainly have become the triumph of death, if Don Antonio de Silva, with the rest of the company, whom Balthazar had left at his house, had not been brought to the assistance of Lama, by his servants; who easily imagined for what reason he had gone apart with a strange Cavalier, though they doubted not it was Don Sebastian de Suza.

They arrived just as the arm of each was lifted up to give the other a mortal blow, and had the good fortune to be swift enough to prevent the intended mischief. In fine, they ran between these two incensed antagonists, and compelled them, unwillingly, to separate.

In that instant, Don Pedro and some others who had taken the same road, in pursuit of Don Sebastian, as the partaker of Elvira's flight, came up to them, attracted by the clashing of swords, and the noise of the horses belonging to Don Antonio and his company.

This spectacle which they so little expected, threw them into the utmost consternation; the friends of Don Sebastian encompassed him with drawn swords, as resolute to defend or revenge him: those of Lama did the same by him: but Don Pedro and Don Antonio acted with so much prudence in mediating the matter, that the two parties durst undertake nothing against each other, and the one carried away Lama, and the other Suza to their respective palaces.

Don Pedro could not dispense with himself from paying some civilities to Don Balthazar, assuring him, that he sensibly regretted this adventure; and, at the same time, told him the loss of Elvira: and testified so much freedom in all his words and behaviour to him, that it was impossible for the other not to give faith to what he said: but the news of Elvira's flight put him in so great a rage, that he had scarce patience to wait till the surgeons had dressed his wounds, demanding vengeance on the ravisher, whom he doubted not was Suza, and resolved to accuse him as such.

However, Don Pedro having joined this unfortunate lover, of whom his friends took the same care as the others had done of Lama, soon found in him such marks of profound melancholy, as made him presently imagine him innocent of what was laid to his charge. But to be more assured, "Don Sebastian," said he, "I know not how to blame a combat which honour seems to have

"exacted from you; but I am extremely sorry you should cast so great a blemish on your own honour and that of Elvira, as to persuade her to fly her family.—It is an injury to her reputation, which I can never forgive, unless you make reparation for it, by immediately restoring her."

"Me!" cried Don Sebastian, "me do you accuse of having carried away Elvira! Ah! my Lord, what tidings do you tell me, and how unjust are your suspicions!" Not only Don Pedro, but all present were now convinced of the truth of what he said; he testified his surprize and inquietude with too much sincerity, for any one to believe him guilty.

As they had stopped at a village till his wounds were dressed, he was in the utmost impatience to get on horseback, in order to make search through Lisbon for Elvira: his friends would fain have persuaded him to conceal himself rather in some place from the pursuits of his rival; but he was not of a temper to fly his enemy, and obliged them to conduct him to his Palace, where he was received by Donna Catharina de Mendoce, with such transports of grief, that the most violent emotions of nature alone could render excusable. This tender mother, who foresaw the flight of Elvira, joined with the late combat of Don Balthazar, would involve her son in numberless dangers, could not withhold her tears, nor moderate her terrors. Don Pedro and all his friends, who were strongly persuaded Elvira had taken this step without his knowledge, and merely to avoid being given to a man she detested, conjured her to be easy, and permit them to plead his cause. But alas! it was now too late; Lama, who came to Lisbon as soon as they, went immediately to the President of the council, whom he informed of this affair, and painted in colours so black, that the minister, had he been less inclinable to serve him, could not dispense with sending an order to arrest Suza the same day. Thus, while they were talking, the officers came in, and, in spite of justice, or the tears of his mother, he was hurried away to prison, and guarded with the utmost strictness.

As his good qualities made him universally beloved, the greatest Lords in the kingdom appeared in his behalf; Don Pedro himself invoked Heaven and earth to save him from the malice of his rival; and what between the grief for his misfortune, and the impossibility there appeared of discovering the retreat of his niece, he was perfectly inconsolable.

(To be continued.)

#### AN ANECDOTE.

A FRENCH officer at a general review before the late King *dans la plaine des sablons*, in Paris, while he was running on horseback through the ranks, happened to let his hat fall on the ground; a soldier picking it up with a drawn sword, made a hole in it, which put the officer in such a violent passion, that he declared he would rather have the sword through his guts than his hat. His Majesty hearing this strange declaration, asked him the reason: "Why, said he, there is a surgeon of my acquaintance, who I am sure would give me credit; but I know of no hatter that will."



Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by  
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LETTER XI:

ON INSTILLING EARLY IDEAS OF RELIGION IN THE  
MINDS OF CHILDREN—ON READING—ON THE USE OF  
MONEY TO CHILDREN.

**P**RESUMING on your kind indulgence, in permitting me to soften the hours of a painful retirement by the pleasing reflection, that the following remarks or *hints* (for my weak state will not permit me to attempt a *system* of *morals*, or a *plan* of conduct) may be of some *future* service to your little girls, I take up my pen. A late very ingenious author observes, "that the minds of girls are more aptly prepared for the reception of serious impressions in their early age than those of the other sex; and that their less exposed situations in more advanced life, qualify them better for the preservation of them." Their hearts indeed are more *flexible*, and as such are certainly more liable to any impression the forming hand may stamp on them; not to mention that they do not (which it ought ever to be lamented *boys* do) receive at once the precepts of Christianity with the absurd fables of *pagan* philosophy.—"Nothing has so much contributed to corrupt the true spirit of the Christian institution, as that partiality which we contract, in our earliest education, for the manners of pagan antiquity," says the excellent author of the internal evidence of the Christian Religion. Nothing, I believe, can be more true than the above assertion. Boys *sometimes* read our Saviour's precepts, *occasionally*; whilst they are perpetually obliged to *study* and to get by *heart*, a deal of improbable stuff, which never did, nor ever can exist, of gods and goddesses, &c. which must greatly confuse the ideas of a young boy's religion, by being mixed with such very *opposite* matter. But girls, who have not this misfortune to encounter (for *so* it certainly is in their first education) may consequently have a much clearer notion of their religious duties. Neither can it be a difficult matter to imprint on their tender minds the plain admirable precepts of our blessed Saviour: these should be the governing principle, which is to influence their conduct, and to direct their every action.

Let us carefully consider, that by laying this religious foundation, we are preparing the little candidates for eternity; and likewise arming them with a pious fortitude to sustain many *future* trying scenes of calamity; which, however successful they may be in this world of vicissitudes, will still naturally fall to their lot. We cannot foresee any of these situations, yet we must endeavour to *provide* against them all, with an humble dependence on the assistance of God. Let us endeavour to imprint on their ductile minds patience to endure—resignation to submit—compassion for suffering merit;—in short, all that can *raise* and *ennoble* the heart, or fit it for trials

"—fated to prepare."—

How pregnant with reflection is this subject!

Next to religious influences, you will, I doubt not, endeavour to inspire them with a very early taste for reading and studying the best authors. The advantages which their understandings will receive from polite literature are too many to enumerate; certain it is, that those who habituate themselves to early reading, and continue to cultivate letters, have very seldom a passion for dissipated pleasures, or idle visiting; it as certainly causes a relish for domestic life, in which province a woman best *shines*: reading preserves the young mind from an inordinate love of dress, cards, and public amusements; and I believe, in point of *œconomy*, it may be acquired at a very small expence, in comparison with any *other* accomplishment now in vogue. You are convinced I mean to explode all books (novels especially) of a pernicious, idle, and frivolous kind; It is perhaps from the redundancy of them that the present habit of dissipation (the reigning passion of these times) is so much increased—As to the *choice* of books for *our* girls, your own judicious taste will direct you. I need only hint, that if they discover a taste for natural history, nothing will tend more to open and enlarge their minds, than the equally beautiful and astonishing works of nature; on which subject we have many excellent authors. Plain practical books of devotion will be very necessary; and, on this head, enthusiastic rants, or perplexing controversies are to be avoided: the latter *raise doubts* but never *convince*, they *perplex*, but never yield *satisfaction*. You will direct their taste to the sublime poetry of Milton, and others of the highest class; among which you will number that great master of the human heart Shakespeare.

The admirable Spectators and Guardians are very necessary, as they abound with good sense, and convey as much amusement as instruction. Of this class too are the excellent Rambler, the Adventurer, Connoisseur, and the World; all which treat the follies and fopperies of the present day very properly, and cannot fail of giving the young mind who reads them carefully *just* opinions of life.

But no study will tend so much to enlarge the mind as *history*; there they may read the heart of man, without the assistance of philosophical lectures. In history, even the words of men ascertain their characters; we see at once, when compared with their actions, what they really are, and what they would appear to be.

It has often been urged, that the veracity of history is of much less consequence than the truth of manners and characters; they tell us, if the human heart is faithfully delineated, it is no great matter if the *facts* are *true* or not.—Certainly we are not concerned in what happened three thousand years ago; I mean as to the triumphs, battles, or follies of that day. It were to be wished that historians would abound less in their *portrait painting*; that they would shew *less wit* but more *sense* in their reflections. A plain narrative of facts is all we want. Let us *judge* for ourselves, and not be guided by the *author's opinion*. We should certainly be acquainted with facts, rather than with maxims in history. "I like" (says Montaigne ironically) "those historians who give us the history of *counsels* rather than *events*; who shew us rather what passes *within* than *without*." On which head he particularly recommends Plutarch.



When children are capable of distinguishing the different kinds of English money, it is certainly highly necessary that they should be entrusted with small sums; and by their use of them, you may easily discover the bent of their inclinations. I am inclined to believe great use might be made of this method; and if they were to keep a regular account of what they expend, it would be a means of accustoming them to œconomy. I would on no account cultivate a covetous disposition, or a love of money; but this I must say, that our children should in general be trained to have a just notion of money; for notwithstanding all our fine *sentimental* maxims of despising this necessary ingredient of life, yet, as things in this world are at present constituted, œconomy is a very material article, and consequently should be early inculcated in our children. Did we live in the golden age, when all the good things of this life were in common, or, like the wandering Arabs, range as the free commoners of nature, the case would be very different; but alas! we live in an age (the distinguishing character of which is *dissipation*) in which not even barely œconomy is necessary to be taught our children, but also frugality. How full of reflection is this subject! when we see such numbers of our unfortunate youth brought weekly to a shameful exit, for crimes which in all probability they would never have been driven to commit, had a strict œconomy been very early inculcated. Not an execution happens, but we are told extravagance was the fatal cause of the shocking catastrophe. In what is called high life, we daily see the effects of the want of this necessary branch of prudence; how often youth, who have been kept ignorant of the use of money, or debarred from a moderate indulgence of it, as soon as they launch into life, run into the most lavish lengths extravagance or folly can invent! Their ignorance of œconomy renders them the prey of every gambler or libertine; who will soon initiate them into every expensive dissipation, and soon bring them to lament perhaps the want of the common necessities of life. I think *Swift* observes, in his peculiar manner, "that a shilling is a very serious thing." Undoubtedly the want of one has often been attended with the most melancholy consequences.

But to return to my scheme of making children their own purse-bearers of small sums. By this means you would shew them you repose in them such a confidence, as would bind them in point of honour to use it with discretion; and at the same time, their setting down their little expences (as soon as they are capable of making figures) would give them a notion not only of œconomy but of arithmetic also. They should constantly give up their accounts, at least every fortnight, with the particular articles for which each sum was expended.

Many things of the utmost consequence might be taught (without appearing to teach) by this method. A mother, by these means, might discover the chief bent of the child's inclination, and with gentleness point out its errors; and if a small part has been appropriated to a charitable use, with what delight must the fond parent behold the first dawning of the noblest of all virtues! If the donation has been bestowed even on an unworthy object, great care must be taken not to suppress this most amiable propensity;

but lead them gently to the *worthy* poor, whom sickness, or some peculiar calamity, might have reduced to merit their compassion. A good action should, I think be rewarded with some little present, to shew them that merit is entitled to a reward; but still they should be told, they have done nothing *extraordinary*, and no more than their duty.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O\*\*\*\*\*

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 126.)

"I am tempted to ask your Highness the last question 'you proposed to the Conjurer;' said I to the Prince, when we were alone. 'Do you believe the second ghost to have been a real one?'"

"I! believe it! No, not now, most assuredly."—

"Not now? Then you have once believed it."—

"I confess I was tempted for a moment to believe it to have been something more than the contrivance of a juggler."—

"And I could wish to see the man, who under similar circumstances would not have formed the same supposition. But what reasons have you for altering your opinion? What the prisoner has related of the Armenian ought to increase, rather than diminish your belief in his supernatural powers."—

"What this wretch has related of him," said the Prince, interrupting me very gravely. "I hope" continued he, "you have not now any doubt that we have had to do with a villain."—

"No; but must his evidence on that account . . . ."

"The evidence of a villain! Suppose I had no other reason for doubt, the evidence of such a person can be of no weight against common sense and established truth. Does a man who has already deceived me several times, and whose trade it is to deceive, does he deserve to be heard in a cause, in which the unsupported testimony of even the most sincere adherent to truth could not be received? Ought we to believe a man who perhaps never once spoke truth for its own sake? Does such a man deserve credit, when he appears as evidence against human reason and the eternal laws of nature? Would it not be as absurd as to admit the accusation of a person notoriously infamous, against unblemished and reproachless innocence?"—

"But what motives could he have for giving so great a character to a man whom he has so many reasons to hate?"—

"I am not to conclude that he can have no motives for doing this, because I am unable to comprehend them. Do I know who has bribed him to deceive me? I confess I cannot penetrate the whole contexture of his plan; but he has certainly done a material injury to the cause he contends for, by shewing himself at least an impostor, and perhaps something worse."



"The circumstance of the ring, I allow, appears suspicious.—

"It is more than suspicious; it is decisive. Here received this ring from the murderer, and at the moment he received it, he must have been certain that it was from the murderer. Who but the assassin could have taken from Jeronymo's finger a ring, which he undoubtedly never was without? Throughout the whole of his narration the Sicilian has laboured to persuade us, that while he was endeavouring to deceive Lorenzo, Lorenzo was in reality deceiving him. Would he have had recourse to this subterfuge, if he had not been sensible that he should lose much in our confidence, by confessing himself an accomplice with the assassin? The whole story is visibly nothing but a series of impostures, invented merely to connect the few truths he has thought proper to give us. Ought I then, to hesitate in disbelieving the eleventh assertion of a person who has already deceived me ten times, rather than admit a violation of the fundamental laws of nature, which I have ever found in the most perfect harmony."

"I have nothing to reply to all this,—but the apparition we saw is to me not the less incomprehensible."

"It is also incomprehensible to me, although I have been tempted to find a key to it."

"How?"

"Do not you recollect, that the second apparition, as soon as he entered, walked directly up to the altar, took the crucifix in his hand, and placed himself upon the carpet?"

"It appeared so to me."

"And this crucifix according to the Sicilian's confession, was a conductor. You see that the apparition hastened to make himself electrical. Thus the blow which Lord Seymour struck him with his sword must of necessity be ineffectual; the electric stroke disabled his arm."

"This is true with respect to the sword. But the pistol fired by the Sicilian, the ball of which rolled slowly upon the altar?"

"Are you convinced that this was the same ball which was fired from the pistol? Not to mention that the puppet, or the man who represented the ghost, may have been so well accoutred as to be invulnerable by swords or bullets; but consider who had loaded the pistols."

"True," said I, and a sudden light darted into my mind; "The Russian officer had loaded them, but it was in our presence.—How could he have deceived us?"

"Why should he not have deceived us? Did you suspect him sufficiently to observe him? Did you examine the ball, before it was put into the pistol? It may have been one of quick-silver or clay. Did you take notice whether the Russian officer really put it into the barrel, or dropped it into his other hand? But supposing that he actually loaded the pistols, what is to convince you that he did not leave them behind him and take some unloaded ones into the room where the ghost appeared? He might very easily have exchanged them

"while we were undressing. No person ever thought of noticing him in particular. It is besides very possible that the figure, at the moment when we were prevented from seeing it by the smoke of the pistol, might have dropped another ball upon the altar.—Which of these conjectures is impossible?"

"You are right, my Prince. But that striking resemblance to your deceased friend! I have often seen him with you, and I immediately recognized him in the apparition."

"I did the same, and I must confess the illusion was complete. But as the Juggler, from a few secret glances at the snuff-box, was able to give to his apparition such a likeness as deceived us both; what was to prevent the Russian officer, who had used the box during the whole time of supper, who had liberty to observe the picture unnoticed, and to whom I had discovered in confidence the person it represented, what was to prevent him from doing the same? Add to this what has been before observed by the Sicilian, that the prominent features of the Marquis were so striking as to be easily imitated; what now remains to be explained respecting the second ghost?"

"The words he uttered, the information he gave you about your friend."

(To be continued.)

## SENSIBLE WOMEN THE BEST WIVES,

"Say, can you meanly think, that science strives  
To taint the female breast, where most it thrives;  
Yet, if a spark within your own resides,  
Contend, that reason ev'ry action guides,  
Expect distinction from the lowly crowd,  
And scorn to dread your honour disallow'd?"

HARRISON.

IT has frequently been asserted, "that it is impossible for a well-informed female to make a good wife;" and the reasons used in support of this argument are generally such as these; that a sensible woman deems the common duties of life beneath her attention; the tender affluities of a wife, the unremitting attention of a mother, and numberless other minutiae attendant on domestic life, are by such a one neglected for the more elevated pursuits of literature; that she imagines her understanding equal, if not superior, to her husband's; and that, where this happens, felicity is at an end. Were these assertions made only by the ignorant and uninformed, I should not endeavour to oppose them; being well convinced, that on such the most cogent arguments are lost; but I am not a little surprized to hear this language from those whose minds are enriched in every department of polite and useful learning, and whose understandings are not easily misled by the received notions of the vulgar. In these enlightened times, when the mist of Ignorance is daily fading before the bright lustre of Reason, there is some consolation in hoping that this position will speedily disappear; a position which, I may venture to denominate, a libel on the understanding of mankind. But as example is said to be more forcible than precept, I shall take the



liberty to present my readers with two letters from gentlemen who have lately entered into the marriage state—

DEAR SIR,

THE news of my union has undoubtedly reached you, and I sincerely wish I could send you an account of my being perfectly happy in my choice. It is true, that my wife possesses every charm beauty and youth can give; but, alas! her mind is a perfect *blank*. The fortune she brought having entailed on us the necessity of an idle life, serves only to increase my infelicity. After remarking the situation of the weather, with a few commonplace observations, our conversation is exhausted, and we sit like two images. The most animated speeches, passages from the most sublime authors—forgive me, when I say it, passages that might move a stone!—are only answered by a desire for a game at *cards*! Time changes most things; I hope it will change her whom I have chosen, or your friend is miserable indeed!

PHILANDER.

The other forms a beautiful contrast, and evinces the felicity of marrying a sensible woman—

DEAR SIR,

WORDS are too feeble to speak the happiness I enjoy! The lovely Emily is now mine for ever—I can truly exclaim, with the immortal author of the Seasons—

“ ’Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
That binds our peace, but harmony itself;  
Perfect esteem, enliven’d by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul!”

I need not tell you, that she is beautiful, accomplished, and amiable! but these are all exceeded by the elegance of her mind, and the noble qualities of her soul. I pity those mistaken men, who maintain that an enlightened female is not the preferable wife; were they once acquainted with the delights attendant on an union with a virtuous and well-educated woman, they would heartily recant the error, and confess that the greatest felicity mortals can taste, is alone to be found in such a state. Her affability and sweetness of temper are proverbial among her servants, and the neighbouring poor: even the meanest duties of a female, as they are called, she performs with such grace and ease as gains her the esteem of all around. I would describe—but description fails—the exalted pleasure that I find in her refined conversation. You know what it is to feel the sweet touches of sympathy, in the converse of a chosen friend; judge, then, what superior bliss it must bestow, where it exists between elegant minds, united by the most sacred and endearing ties of human nature! In short, I am as happy as virtuous love can make me, and the frailty of our nature will allow.

JUVENIS.

Let the examples of Philander and Juvenis suffice to evince, that well-informed women are the best wives. Can it, indeed, be for a moment supposed, by any rational man, that a female whose mind is improved, whose soul is fraught with the most just and lively sense of religion and duty—will any venture to affirm, that a female so formed, is incapable of those duties she owes to her fa-

mily and society? Impossible! Yet such is the language we daily hear from numbers who call themselves men; for, to assert that a well-informed female cannot be a good wife, amounts to what I have stated. As to their having more knowledge than their husbands, that certainly reflects no credit on the male sex; who are in general, I am sorry to confess ill qualified to fill their rank in the scale of creation. But this should operate as a motive with us to improve in whatever adorns or dignifies the nature of man! for till that is done, we must not hope to see our youths magnanimous and wise—our women intelligent and accomplished. In short, I am decidedly of opinion, that a well informed female, being conscious of her nature and dignity, is more likely to perform the relative duties, than one whose understanding rises not above the common level; and that, therefore the most sensible women cannot fail to prove the best wives.

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#### THE MAGNANIMITY OF A ROMAN SENATOR.

WHEN Vespasian commanded a Senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain answered with a smile—“Did I ever tell you that I was immortal?—My virtue is in my own disposal, my life is in your’s; do you what you will, I shall do what I ought: and if I fall in the service of my country I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels.”

#### NEW-YORK.

##### MARRIED,

A few weeks ago, Mr. NATHANIEL FOSTER of Brooklyn, to Miss JANE M<sup>rs</sup> KEY of South Hampton. (L. I.)

##### DIED,

A few days ago, after an illness of four days, Mr. Andrew Grigg, of this City—he was a man of the strictest integrity, and bore his disease with the fortitude and faith of a Christian, his death is universally lamented by all his numerous friends and acquaintances.

#### METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 14th to the 26th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100	8 1. 6.	8. 1. 6.
Oct. 14	61	68	68	sw. do. do.	cloud. light wind.
15	65	66	71	s. do. do.	cloud. distant thun.
16	52	50	62	w. do. do.	clear light wind.
17	58	49	52	sw. w. do.	cloudy high wind.
18	42	54	50	w. sw. w.	clear do. do.
19	53	50	49	w. do. s.	clear do. do.
20	55	62	50	s. do. n. w.	rain do. do. do.
21	46	52	50	n. do. n. e.	clear do. do. do.
22	44	50	53	n. e. s. e.	cloudy. calm do.
23	55	61	59	n. e. do.	rain. do. do. do.
24	52	50	63	n. w. do. w.	clear do. do. do.
25	47	57	57	w. do. do.	clear do. do. do.
26	47	54	50	w. n. do.	clear light wind.



For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The following is the answer of Esculapius to Amanda's Epistle, given in our last—her reply to this shall appear in our next.

TO AMANDA.

AMANDA! with pity I've read  
The tale of the woes you endure,  
And have more than once puzzled my head,  
In attempting to find out a cure.

But alas! if my patients complain,  
And tell of their pangs with such art,  
I must ne'er boast of healing again,  
But endeavour to shield my own heart.

What nostrum, ye gods, can remove,  
What pill or what potion allay  
The heart-breaking sorrows of love,  
Or drive their remembrance away.

Thus vex'd and dejected, I cried,  
As idly I faunter'd along,  
When encircled with glory I spied  
The genius of physic and song.

On the breeze of the morning he sailed,  
The muses attending his car,  
While odours celestial prevail'd  
Throughout the wide regions of air.

Fond mortal, thy labour is vain,  
With ineffable sweetness he said,  
No relief can Amanda obtain  
From all the receipts in thy head.

But far in the east where I rise,  
A skillful physician she'll find,\*  
And to him if Amanda applies,  
She'll recover her calmar's of mind.

ESCULAPIUS.

\* A gentleman, since married to Amanda, who was then in China.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE PENITENT BACKSLIDER.

[Corrected from a copy originally composed by my late worthy friend,  
Mr. ISRAEL LYON.]

THERE was a thought past through my mind,  
Which said, *amend your ways*:  
Not long ago, you was inclin'd  
To humble prayer and praise.

But now, behold! what have you done?  
Since thus you serv'd the Lord:—  
Your feet another course have gone,  
Contrary to his word.

Alas! look back, and take a view  
Of precious time mispent;  
And turn and seek the Lord anew,  
Your ruin to prevent.

Thus, while, dear Saviour, down to pain  
I waded through thy blood,  
Thy spirit spake to me again,  
And bade me turn to God.

Now, Lord, I turn to thee again;  
Once more I seek thy face,  
A pardon haply to obtain,  
Through thy abundant grace.

Come *Holy Spirit* from above,  
My inmost soul refine;  
And let the faith that works by love  
Be now forever mine.

That, when in the cold arms of death  
My slumb'ring body lies,  
My soul may rise high o'er this earth,  
And sing above the skies.

ETHICUS.

HORSE-NECK, June 21, 1791.

THE COUNTRY.

WOULD you relish a rural retreat,  
Or the pleasures the groves can inspire,  
The city's allurements forget,  
To this spot of enchantment retire.

Where a valley and chrystalline brook,  
Whose verdure glides sweetly along,  
Gives nature a fanciful look,  
The beautiful woodlands among.

Behold the majestic trees  
A row of green verdure have spread;  
Where the shepherds may loll at their ease,  
And pipe to the musical shade.

On the top of a mountain so rude  
In concert with waters below,  
Is the voice of a musical bird  
Whose notes do so cheerfully flow.

Oft let me contemplative dwell  
On a scene where such beauties appear,  
I could live in a cot or a cell,  
And never think solitude near.

COLIN'S DECLARATION.

AH! Lucy why those crystal tears  
That dim your beamy eyes!  
Why try to hide your tender fears?  
And drown your boding sighs.

Your constant Colin's faithful heart  
Beats full of love for thee,  
And owns no second sharer's part,  
Nor wishes to be free.

If ever false to thee I prove,  
Or break my plighted vow,  
May I forget what 'tis to love,  
And streams forget to flow.

Then let me kiss those tears away,  
That like the morning dew,  
The roses of your cheeks array,  
And cloud their native hue.